

## **Ryan Bingham**

# **"Ghost Of Travelin'"**

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An empty sack of dust  
Or just a box of bones  
Call me what you will, son  
My name's Travelin' Jones  
And I search for the fire  
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Travelin' Jones  
Have you seen the miles  
Have you smelled the whiskey and the smoke  
Burnin' out underneath your tires  
Travelin' Jones  
You're the Travelin' Jones  
Tell me the secrets of an endless road

It's not where you've been, son  
It's what you understand  
Do you know the right from wrong  
Tell me, boy, are you an honest man  
Have you ever felt the fire  
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Have your fingers bled, boy  
Off sin's strings  
Tied to that wooden box  
That you're playin' across your knee  
Have you ever felt the fire  
Stumbled upon with a precious desire

Travelin' Jones  
I've seen the miles  
I've played in every honky-tonk bar  
Behind that chicken wire  
Travelin' Jones  
You're the Travelin' Jones  
Tell me the secrets of an endless road

An empty sack of dust  
Or just a box of bones  
Call me what you will, son  
My name's Travelin' Jones  
And I found the fire

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